

THE  
**Red Squirrel.**



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A. PHELPS—Greenfield.



THE

**RED SQUIRREL.**



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**GREENFIELD:**

**A. Phelps.**

A B C D E

F G H I J K

L M N O P

Q R S T U

V W X Y Z.



THE pretty red Squirrel lives up  
in a tree,  
A blithe little creature as ever  
can be :  
He dwells in the boughs where  
the stock dove broods,  
Far in the shade of the green  
summer woods.



His food is the young juicy cones  
of the pine,  
And the milky beech nut is his  
bread and wine.

In the joy of his heart, he frisks  
with a bound,  
To the topmost twigs, then down  
to the ground,  
Then up again like a winged  
thing,  
And from tree to tree with a  
vaulting spring ;



Then he sits up aloft and looks  
waggish and queer,  
As if he would say, "Ay, follow  
me here!"  
And then he grows pettish and  
stamps with his foot,  
And then independently he cracks  
his nut.

But small as he is, he knows he  
may want,  
In the bleak winter weather when  
food is so scant,  
So he finds a hole in an old tree's  
core,  
And there makes his nest, and  
lays up his store;  
Then when cold winter comes, and  
the trees are bare,  
When the white snow is falling  
and keen is the air,





He heeds it not, as he sits by  
himself

In his warm little nest, with his  
nuts on his shelf.

O, wise little squirrel; no wonder  
that he

In the green summer woods is as  
blithe as can be.





A GOAT.



AN IBEX.



